UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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If Not the Church, Then What?

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

Theological Education and This Present World

By T. RICHARD WITMER

The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of War

By EDWIN T. MEAD

American Notes

By SYDNEY STRONG

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UNITY

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Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1929 NUMBER 13

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

May the Powers of Good Help us, not only at the Christmas Season, but all through the Year:

To insure *happiness to children*
To comfort *the aged*
To befriend *the lonely*
To prevent *suffering*
To restore *the sick to health*
To succor *the weary*
To bring hope *to the discouraged*
To be patient *and understanding*
To tolerate much, *to criticize little*
To befriend *without dictating*

—*William H. Matthews.*

The struggles of the Hoover administration to save the country from industrial panic and depression are herculean. They indicate clearly the desperate nature of the situation, and the resolute determination of the Repulicans not to find themselves with an era of "bad times" on their hands. That would break a tradition as sacred as the great white bull of Apis. But it is good, all the same, to have a president in Washington who recognizes the responsibility of government in a crisis of this kind, and who undertakes to do something to prevent disaster. After six and more years of Calvin Coolidge and his do-nothing policy, it is a relief to see the White House at work like the general headquarters of an army in the midst of a battle. It is a joy, also—at least, to a radical like ourself—to see how instinctively, indeed inevitably, the President turns to measures of pure Socialism. Of course, Mr. Hoover does not know it, or will not confess it, but what he is doing is putting the government into business with a vengeance. If these railroad executives and public utility presidents were all the heads of government departments, they could not have answered the President's summons more quickly or obeyed his orders more implicitly. If these various industrial corporations were all government bureaus, they could not be more surely under political direction than they are at the present moment. In war emergencies hitherto, the government has taken command of business, but never before in a peace emergency. What Mr. Hoover has been doing since the Wall Street debacle marks a new era of American history. It all goes to show how vast changes in social organization and procedure may come not by violent revolution, nor yet by hard-fought legislation, but quietly and peacefully in the natural order of events. In our intricately complex civilization the day of Socialism has dawned. Jesus was right when he said: "Ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

Commander Richard E. Byrd's flight over the South Pole was a great achievement. It will be remembered forever as a model example of scientific efficiency, high personal leadership and superb adventure. On the other hand, it seemed, to us at least, to lack utterly that sublime epic quality which accompanied the exploits in this same region of Amundsen and Captain Scott. We felt no catching of the breath as we read of Byrd's swift dash to the Pole and back, all inside the short space of twenty-four hours. Now that the deed is done, we feel no reverence for the flyers as of demi-gods returned from some cosmic work of wonder. And the fault is not Byrd's and his companions'! They accomplished what they set out to accomplish with fine proficiency and courage. But they will never be the heroes of a saga, like their immortal predecessors of sledge and ski. In the first place, these adventurers *flew* to the Pole at a time when flying is at the very nadir of public interest and enthusiasm. Since Lindbergh's matchless flight, this art has been terribly cheapened. Exhibitionist after exhibitionist has mounted into the air to snatch his share of popular attention. One silly stunt after another has paraded across the front pages of the newspapers, till the public is bored with ennui when not actually sick with disgust. Flying has degenerated into a mere circus of a particularly cheap variety—and Byrd, through no fault of his own, pays the penalty. Then there is another fact. Amundsen and Scott still lived and wrought in that great age of adventure which began with Marco Polo and Columbus and Vasco de Gama. They were the last of that long line of men who pitted themselves bare-handed against the forces of nature, and wrestled with them as Hercules wrestled with the lion. Commander Byrd belongs to another age—the age of the machine, which is itself the sign and symbol of man's successful conquest of his world. With the coming of the machine into exploration, adventure ended, as with the coming of the machine into war, glory ended. In both cases heroism

in the old-fashioned sense of the word simply vanished, and with it all excitement, awe, wonder, and reverence. Thus Byrd, for all his splendid efficiency and unquestioned daring, has written no epic. As his flight to the North Pole seems only a kind of echo of Peary's heroic battles against ice and sea, so his flight to the South Pole is a dull, drab affair as compared with the eternal saga of Captain Scott. There are those who hail the machine as the maker of a new poetry and beauty. We are not among them. To us the machine is itself ugly, and its work the degradation of man's spirit.

The establishment of a branch of the American Civil Liberties Union in Boston, Massachusetts, is like carrying water into a desert, or food to a famine. Never was there a community so in need of the gospel of civil liberties as this ancient and now fossilized stronghold of the now forgotten American Revolution. For years books have been banned in this city, plays prohibited or suppressed, public meetings forbidden or broken up. The story, as told by Professor Zechariah Chafee, Jr., of the Harvard Law School, in a pamphlet just published by the Civil Liberties Committee in Boston (6 Byron Street), constitutes one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of the American people. But the rebellious spirit of the old town is not wholly dead. Here is a valiant group of distinguished men and women prepared to meet the issue fair and square, and fight it through to a decisive conclusion! In reading Professor Chafee's pamphlet, we find on the last page a partial list of the books which have been banned in Boston in recent years. Candor compels us to admit that Boston has not actually suffered much from the tyranny of censorship. The list contains titles of a few distinguished volumes—Dreiser's "An American Tragedy," Upton Sinclair's "Oil," H. G. Wells's "The World of William Clissold." But most of these banned books have already been forgotten in the few months since their publication; and such still-remembered books as Sherwood Anderson's "Dark Laughter," Carl Van Vechten's "Nigger Heaven," Ben Hecht's "Count Bruga," Michael Arlen's "Young Men in Love," Ernest Hemingway's "The Sun Never Rises," etc., are worthless stuff. Like the names on Ko-ko's list, "they never will be missed, they never will be missed." So far as actual results are concerned, therefore, censorship is hardly worth worrying much about. The good books and the great books are seldom touched. But there is a principle involved here of the first importance. This principle cuts straight to the heart of free thought, and free speech, which are the most precious liberties of any people. Hence the necessity of constant vigilance. So long as the present mania of repression and suppression continues, every community in this Republic should have a civil liberties committee.

The situation in Palestine seems steadily to grow worse. What becomes more apparent every day is the national consciousness of the Arab now stirred and organized against the Jew on the one hand and the English on the other. In this sense the uprising in August last, literally a war of independence, was morally a great success. It aroused the Arabs as the uprising in 1919 in Egypt aroused the Egyptians, and the uprising in 1921 in India aroused the Indians, and thus set definitely against Zion the outraged consciousness of a native people resolved at any cost to be free in their own way and for their own purposes. That the Jews can meet this situation by falling back behind the shelter of British bayonets, or by biding their time for the establishment of a political state exercising sovereign rights over the Arabs, is absurd. Even if English officialdom cared anything about Zionism, which it does not, and even if the Jews had the power to establish and maintain their state, which they have not, there would be the public opinion of the world still to be considered. Disquieting in the extreme was the reaction of western liberalism, ill-informed and prejudiced to be sure, but still honest, upon the tragic events in Palestine during this past summer. What Zionists must see is what many of their leaders already see—that the mission of Zionism is cultural and spiritual, not political, and that its success is wrapt up in its ability to make common cause with the Arabs in their desire for autonomy and self-determination. There can be no predominance in the Holy Land, either of Arabs over Jews, or Jews over Arabs. On the contrary, there must be a unification of these two native peoples in the service of interests political, economic, social, which belong to neither one as over against the other, but to both alike. Palestine is one country, and its people must be one people. Zionism is fortunate in having in this very problem an early chance to justify its idealism.

We now know all about it—why America went into the World War in 1917! "Had America had a properly trained army at the beginning of the War," says Brigadier-General Otto M. Rosenbaum, of the U. S. A., "our rights would have been respected, and we would not have entered the conflict." Had we had a million men under arms, in other words, Germany would not have sunk the Lusitania, would not have declared the war-zone around England, would not have done anything of any kind to disturb our good relations or interfere with our neutral rights. Or, if she had done any of these outrageous things, she would not have done them if we had had *two* million men under arms, or *three* million, or whatever number is

necessary in any instance to satisfy the militarist case. For, of course, it doesn't make any difference how large an army we have! We have always got to have a still larger army, or navy, or air force in order to accomplish anything. What we have is invariably too small. France, for example, had what might be called "a properly trained army" in 1914. It was larger than the German army, and so far as anybody knew was as well equipped. But this formidable land force didn't keep France out of war. Which obviously means, on the basis of General Rosenbaum's logic, that France's army should have been still larger and still better trained! But Russia had this still larger army to the east of Germany, and it was so well trained that Russian diplomats and generals and grand dukes regarded it as fit to the minutes in 1914 for war. None the less, Germany declared war on Russia within a few days after this tremendous army was ordered mobilized, and thus plunged Russia into a conflict so disastrous that it ended in revolution. What becomes of militarist logic in the face of such facts as these? It goes to pieces, of course! Europe was armed to the teeth in 1914, and war came. The lesson, plain to everybody but idiots and soldiers, is that armies and navies are no preventive of war. On the contrary!

The annual agitation over college football has been a little more vigorous this fall than usual, thanks to the sensational report of the Carnegie Foundation. Yet we may be sure that the season will pass with its enormous crowds and huge gate receipts, and precisely nothing at all be done. Football in this sense is like the weather, of which Mark Twain spoke the immortal words: "Everybody talks about it, and nobody does anything about it." Personally we feel little interest in the abuses and corruptions which flourish so abundantly—it needed no Carnegie Report to make these known! What seems to us important is the growth of an enormous business industry which uses students like pawns and defies the authorities to exercise any control either of decency or honor. We search our minds in vain for anything quite so ridiculous in our American life as our college presidents piping each year their feeble protests against athletic enormities which the public never notices, the trustees and faculties ignore, and the football coaches snort at with good-natured contempt. We wonder how these college presidents maintain their self-respect. We feel that, if we were a president, we would try to bring the coach to heel or else learn the reason why not. Probably we would "learn the reason," and lose our job into the bargain. But even so we would have the consolation of being a man, and not a puppet pulled by a string in the hand of a football bruiser whose salary was proportionately higher than our own. If football were a game, the situation might be remedied. But football isn't a game! On the one hand it's a business, which supports all the other activities of the colleges, and is defended on this account. On the other hand, it is a spectacle in which the public indulges for the sake of thrill and excitement. Between these two interests the colleges are caught, and in the process utterly demoralized. We have seen the evil grow steadily for a generation, and expect to see it go right on growing. When a man like Charles William Eliot could not conquer it, what hope is there of change?

If Not the Church, Then What?

A discussion was inaugurated in UNITY early last summer with an article entitled "Why the Church?" It has been continued in the issues of September 23rd, October 22nd, and December 2nd, including letters from correspondents and editorial comment. There has been revealed a cleavage between the ministerial and the lay mind. A tendency to base the church's claims on tradition, the hallowing fact that it already exists, upon "destiny" or sacred sanctions, upon various hopes that the church will eventually succeed where it now falls short—this seems to dominate ministerial thinking. On the other hand, there is in the lay mind a tendency to allow the church to give place with no very definite suggestion of a substitute. There is general recognition, even in the lay mind, of the permanency and vitality of religion as a social factor.

There would seem little doubt that the present strength of the church is tradition. The church exists; that is the most compelling assertion which may be made in its behalf. So large a deposit of material values, and so rutted a habit in public thinking and social routine, buttress the institution, that no iconoclastic proposal can gain either alarming or hopeful consideration. There is every likelihood that the church can continue for a long time before its present momentum shall be spent. That it is traveling now upon its momentum rather than upon power actively generated, seems conclusive to many.

The situation is confused by the assumption that the only alternative to the church is a substitute. Any "substitute" advanced looks so much like the church as it is now that little enthusiasm can be aroused by the suggestion. Reform of the present institution seems much more feasible than the outright creation of a substitute.

In the meantime, there are silent and almost unconscious social forces at work which seem destined eventually to show that the ecclesiastical organization

is needless and, indeed, a positive hindrance to worthy spiritual development.

American society today is more and more clearly demanding the functional rather than the ecclesiastical organization of religion. Let us take this as a positive proposal and briefly elaborate it. The terms are fairly clear without definition. Each of the functions still claimed by the church is more or less vital to social progress and to the spiritual development of society. Some of the functions formerly claimed by the church have been so completely taken over by other institutions that they no longer are thought of as vitally related to the church, nor, unfortunately, even to religion. This tendency to specialization, under institutions severally devoted to these specialties, has been marked throughout the development of our western civilization. There seems abundant evidence that the tendency will be accelerated in the future rather than retarded.

Let us roughly classify the functions still commonly assigned to and accepted by the church under the four categories of preaching, worship, religious education and social service. It is easy to mark the tendency to take each and all of these out from under ecclesiastical control and to organize them as separate and independent functions of the community.

Preaching is still commonly identified with the church. Yet it is clear to all that the preaching most in demand is already passing out of ecclesiastical control. The radio is causing widespread dissatisfaction with the output of local pulpits. When one contemplates the flood of insipid homiletics deluging our communities from 150,000 to 200,000 pulpits throughout the land, one realizes how complete must soon be the acceptance of the new order which admits every one to the enjoyment of the best which the best preachers have to offer. The radio is already depopulating churches and is causing profound discontent even among those who still feel it their duty to frequent ecclesiastical gatherings.

Another step now foreshadowed is provision by which the great preachers of the day may visit communities in more or less regular rotation and under community rather than denominational auspices. The radio will advance rather than retard this step. Even the general development of television will not satisfy communities. They will insist upon welcoming in person those whose voices have become familiar on the air. Screen stars are the more the lions of the lecture bureau because they have been made familiar by the movie and the talkie. The radio will give us many fewer preachers, but those few will go much farther and exert a more potent influence than do the multitude of today.

Worship is also generally identified with the churches. But here again, as its elements are appraised at their social worth, methods of enriching it which the churches have not yet developed and which they in the nature of the case cannot bring to perfection, are discovered under other than ecclesiastical auspices. Worship will not lose in popular effectiveness by this liberalizing process. The ritualistic churches hang on to an outworn psychology. Beauty, order, rhythm—these all are much sought after by the modern spirit. But rituals hundreds of years old, embalming decadent ideas in every line, are no real inspiration to intelligent moderns. Those who still frequent the conventicles of the ritualistic churches are either incapable of intelligent reactions or else have developed a banal and an all-too-common facility in carrying religion in one compartment of the nature and intelligence in another compartment, separated from the former by water-tight and sound-proof partitions.

In religious education the church is more and more generally recognized as helpless and hopeless. The Sunday school becomes a more and more pitiful spectacle. Its deficiencies are alarming to thousands of thoughtful parents. As plans are cautiously worked out for a system of ethical and religious education it is recognized as more and more conclusive that the program must be lodged in the hands of trained educators. This branch of education will soon go the way of all other branches. The latter have long since been emancipated from ecclesiastical control and been organized as the special function of institutions and professions designed and equipped for their particular task. The churches are now demonstrating their inability to conduct effective religious education.

Even more marked is the tendency to organize social service under other than ecclesiastical auspices. The institutional church has either been abandoned or is deep in hopeless ruts. In certain communities churches still care for a few indigent persons and in their own membership and usually in a manner likely to cultivate rather than cure pauperism. Elsewhere they have turned over the care of the needy to Charity Organizations Societies. The tendency is completely to abandon relief of poverty and other social welfare work to public agencies or to such charity organization as may have developed on an independent basis in the community at large.

It is clear, therefore, that the functions still claimed by the church are rapidly passing over to another type of organization. Functions, yes; some may protest. All this may be clear. But religion is not a function. It is a spirit, a social dynamic. Quite so; the point is well taken. But that is not the present point. The discussion bears upon the church, a functionary, an institution of society. It is precisely because religion is a universal value and potency, and not a particular function, that the church must fail in its self-appointed task. Religion cannot be specialized

in one institution. It must be generalized to inhere in and energize all institutions. All of the service agencies of the community must be recognized as obligated and commissioned to the ministry of religion. A grocery store has as much need of religion as has a pulpit, and neither can manufacture it for the other. Neither can inject religion into the other. Each of the institutions of the community must generate and dispense religion on its own account and discharge religion's energies through its own functioning.

In the completed functional organization toward which our communities are tending the preaching of sermons will be apprehended as no more inherently religious than is the selling of bonds. Both are social functions, and in so far as either has social value it will be recognized as having religious validity. This, as intimated, will be a truism in the completed functional organization of religion.

The present ecclesiastical order is thus caught between an upper and a nether millstone. It must in the end be ground to powder. On the one hand, religion must be emancipated from bondage in one particular service institution so that it may freely prevail among all institutions and social agencies of the community. On the other hand, the functions now nominally discharged by the churches must be separated and specialized in agencies and institutions more efficiently equipped for the service than are the churches today and than they can ever be.

This is an issue not to be bewailed nor to be gleefully welcomed. It is good with all the goodness of other realities, and is bad only if and as social progress is bad. It is written clearly in the social tendencies of the times and in prophecies which social tendencies are now proclaiming.

Our formula does not offer a "substitute" for the churches. It interprets, on the contrary, a reorganization in the department of the community life now occupied by churches. Way will eventually be found to utilize the churches' material and financial endowments in this new scheme of things. And all which is worthy in the religious traditions now claimed by the church will be preserved and vastly enriched in the new order. JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

Only one condition has prevented general uprising (of criminals) in the last decade. Most criminals have turned to bootlegging.—Alphaeus Geer, in the New York *Telegram*.

Well, well! So Prohibition *has* prevented crime, just as the "drys" have always said!

The religious situations in Russia and in the United States are not so different, so far at least as outcomes are concerned. In Russia the churches are being killed; in the United States they are dying. In both cases death is the end.

The Lord Mayor of Berlin, involved in a contract scandal, has demanded an investigation, and insists that he shall be relieved of office while the investigation is going on. Apply this episode to America, and try to find a city where a mayor would act in this fashion!

In the last year or so, two lives of Henry VIII have been published, two of Queen Elizabeth, two of Lafayette, two of Hawthorne, two of Emerson, two of Bryan, four or five of Lincoln, a dozen of Napoleon, and scores and scores of Jesus. Why such repetitiousness? Is it accident—or are the features of poker being applied to literature?

Great Britain and the United States are engaged in sharp diplomatic controversy over the sovereignty of the Antarctic. Which country owns these icebound, impenetrable, uninhabitable wastes is obviously a matter of momentous importance. It may well mean war. Another argument for preparedness!

A Chinese boycott of Japanese goods some years ago brought Japan to her knees. Gandhi's boycott of English cotton cloth closed mills in Lancashire. Why not a boycott of Wall Street, and a closing of the brokerage houses which entice sheep to the shearing?

J. H. H.

Give, While You Can

Love's spark divine chill selfishness but blows
Till it consumes the heart to ashes sere;
But fed by fuel of sacrifice, it grows
A flame perennial, of radiant cheer.

Give while you can! For what you most would hold,
Death snatches from you with triumphant glee;
But what you give, in service, love, or gold,
Is yours forever, through eternity.

JEROME ALEXANDER.

American Notes

Thanksgiving in Carnegie Hall

It is difficult for me to refrain from telling of the Thanksgiving Service, in Carnegie Hall, New York. So I am writing largely to please myself. An even dozen religious organizations were in union—from All Souls' Unitarian to Temple Beth Elohim. Dr. John Haynes Holmes was the engineer of the service, with Rabbi Stephen Wise as conductor to take up the collection. The theme was, "The Comradeship of Races—Breaking the Bars to Brotherhood." The speakers were C. F. Andrews, an Englishman who has resided twenty-five years in India; Paul C. Meng, of the Chinese Students' Association; Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune, head of the Negro college at Daytona, Florida. The side-dishes for the feast were well served by a series of rabbis, clergymen, teachers, to the tune of Wagner's Lohengrin and the hymns, "America, the Beautiful" and "Oh God, Our Help in Ages Past." And the Negro Male Quartette from Mrs. Bethune's College! They were so superior that I will speak of it later.

I think I shall begin to protest these inter-racial symposiums, on the ground of their taking the Nordics at a disadvantage. The colored out-shine not only in complexions but in talent. I am beginning to see why Americans are unwilling to "recognize Russians"—they are afraid that they will be out-sung, out-played, out-acted—in a word, out-classed. This is what happened at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Andrews is a very good Scotchman (being thus a high-grade Englishman, e. g. J. Ramsay MacDonald) and he has been for twenty-five years in India. Well, I am sorry when an American or Englishman begins to talk about the comradeship of races. He is compelled to fall back on the Pilgrim Fathers, or the Declaration of Independence, or the Golden Rule, or some Rotarian maxim about success coming from service, or about the peace of the world being in his hands. Alas, too true! What a skilful hurdler he is. It is my conviction that a Nordic should keep still, absolutely, in an inter-racial meeting until, like Zaccheus, the land and rights that have been stolen from the colored brothers have been restored—not promised, but *restored*—with four-fold increase. Mr. Andrews said one good thing before he sat down, namely, that he stood for India's right to freedom. Again, it is the substance not the word that will have weight.

Paul C. Meng is a delightful speaker. Somehow one feels that he expresses many centuries of culture, and that out of the side-window of his soul he is smiling at the efforts of his younger brothers of the West, who are so loudly smashing the windows of the house. He has got over the childish things! He intimated that some of the ground for thanksgiving was the growing ascendancy of thought over force along with the enlargement of social vision. He was questioning nationalism as it was found in America. The flag seemed to dominate Christian nations more than the cross, and people would rather die for government than for the right. He was afraid that the Chinese would feel themselves compelled to adopt nationalism, with navy and army, in order to defend themselves. There are fifteen hundred young Chinese in American colleges, and one hundred institutions are now offering studies bearing on the Orient. He told of the modernization of the Genesis story, as applied by the Chinese to themselves. They say that God made man out of clay, but in addition put him in an oven to bake. God made several trials before reaching perfection. On the first baking, man was over-baked, and so became a black man. On the second trial, man was half-baked and under-done, and so became a white man. On the third trial, it was found to be just right, and he was a brown man. Young Meng makes one think that there is something to the legend, and that he is a fine specimen of being browned just right.

Then the Negro quartette sang. They are almost too superior to permit a Nordic to feel comfortable. They sang, "Lord, I can't sit down. Just got to heaven, and I can't sit down." Then one singer turned to the others, and inquired, "What's that? Look's like the children that Moses led." . . . "Can't sit down. Just got to heaven, and I can't sit down." I looked at Rabbi Wise, who was enraptured. Why not? He could almost see the children of Israel coming out of Egypt! He knew that song in his own bones. And they sang, "Meet you at the judgment seat, If I never see you again. . . . I'm climbing up the mountain; I didn't come here to stay. Meet you at the judgment seat. I didn't come here to stay." I looked at Dr. Holmes, who was thinking of his New England forbears, and those stalwart preachers of judgment and righteousness from Edwards to Parker and Gannett and Lloyd Jones. What superior singing! Perhaps it should not be mentioned, for fear they will find it out, and publish a social register!

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune was the next speaker and was introduced by Dr. Holmes as "one of the great women of the country." She more than proved the advertisement. I was glad that she was black as coal. She was stumpy in stature. A little like Jesus, in that she had no form nor comeliness! But since the proof of a Thanksgiving pudding is in the eating, so her greatness and goodness are to be measured by her deeds and power. She spoke for fifteen minutes, and when she had finished, a storm of applause burst upon her, and repeated itself until she was compelled to rise in acknowledgment. Why this? One rarely witnesses such ovations. In the first place, she stepped forth from behind the pulpit—unafraid. She stood on two feet squarely. With choice diction, with musical voice mingled with emotion that did not leave the rational, she championed the rights of man, of every race and creed. "I feel so rich in the great field of service, where my heart is full of love. I am glad today that we are made in the image of God, for peace, prosperity and comradeship. The kingdom of God will come on the earth just as rapidly as we forget class, creed and color, and give everyone a chance to unfold. I never think what my complexion is." "My people have given two hundred and fifty years of service, day and night, cutting the forests and building the houses. Our songs are never songs of hatred, but songs of love and forgiveness. No race was ever more loyal. And, now we find ourselves knocking at the doors of culture. Sometimes we hear, because 'of complexion, you can not enter here.' O, God of the universe, here I plead . . . that hearts may be melted . . . that the black race may enter the doors of opportunity . . . I give thanks this morning to have been able to enter here into this comradeship."

And a great storm of cheering burst forth, and

would not be stayed. The people arose to sing with emotion,

"God of justice, save the people from the war of race and creed,
From the strife of class and faction,—make our nation free indeed;
Keep her faith in simple manhood strong as when her life began,
Till it find its full fruition in the brotherhood of man."

As the people went out of the great Hall to go to their homes, they went like students going from a game in which their team has won, has brought their college nearer the goal of the championship. They went eagerly, hopefully and full of joy. Brotherhood has not been realized, but it is coming! The meeting at Carnegie Hall is one paragraph in its writing. I know if I should possess a superiority complex in my attitude to my Negro brothers, and persist in it, I should be sentenced to listen to Negro singing and oratory throughout eternity, to shame me into repentance and to at last discover that the last had become first.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Theological Education and This Present World

The laity, from one standpoint, might well be divided into two classes: those who criticise the church and those who do not. It is apparent without presenting any statistics on the subject that the latter class is by far the more populous, and that it comprises, for the most part, those good people who, without bothering to think about it, simply take the church for granted.

It is the former group, however, with which we are chiefly concerned despite their numerical inferiority. These are, in part at least, the men and women who, unlike their brethren, have become more or less convinced that the church is not a social institution totally different in origin and purpose from other social institutions, and who demand accordingly that it look about itself and consider its proper function in modern society.

Although it would be too much to say that the movement within the church for the outlawry of war is entirely composed of communicants who are at the same time of the latter group, it is not too much to say that they form a substantial and outspoken part of that movement. And although those within the church who openly inveigh against the iniquities of the present economic system are not all affiliated with those who see the church as they see other social institutions, it would not be going too far to say that many of them are.

The fact of the matter is that, among the ministry especially, lines are not definite and clear-cut and groups overlap each other considerably. The Anglo-Catholic movement, in the Church of England, for instance, is as good an example of this as possible, for it is by this group that most of the work in the slums of London that falls within the range of the church is being done. Father Paul Bertie Bull, of the Community of the Resurrection, at Mirfield, is as declared an opponent of the conditions existing among the Welsh coal miners as can be found, yet Father Bull might well be a thirteenth-century monk so far as religious practices go.

It is precisely this overlapping and these cross-currents that mystify the critical layman. For to him it seems that these clergy are much in the position of one of Stephen Leacock's famous characters who mounted his horse and rode off furiously in all directions. This attempt on the part of the clergy to maintain the tradition and yet to solve the economic problems of the modern world at the same time seems to him to be hopeless—and maddening.

It is when this layman lays his hands on the catalogue of one of our "orthodox-modernist" seminaries that he especially wrings his hands and tears his hair at the futility of the whole business. Here he sees no courses in sociology—not even Christian sociology—nor economics, nor social psychology, nor secular history, nor any of that whole group of social sciences which, during his college education, he has been taught to believe indispensable to a proper understanding of modern society.

He finds much the same true of the men who are studying for the ministry: They may discuss the World Series, and they may be interested in their roommate's engagement—for strange to say, many seminarians are as much concerned over getting married as over getting ordained—but if this layman tries to discuss politics, or the League of Nations, or the recognition of Russia, all of which he is convinced should be of vital importance to the preacher, he finds only the coldest and most unsatisfying response waiting for him.

On the contrary, when he looks across the pages of the seminary catalogue he finds courses on courses on New Testament criticism and the history of the church. He finds any number of lectures being given on ecclesiastical polity, and Christian apologetics, and even dogmatic theology.

And if he has the chance to sit at a dinner table with a group of seminarians he hears discussed—after sports and girls—the questions of the Zebedean authorship of the Fourth Gospel, of the Pauline influence in Luke, of Q, of ur-Marcus, and of proto-Luke and all the rest *ad infinitum*. And he, being a practical man, shakes his head doubtfully and wonders whether—except for changing a few words—Erasmus might not write over again what he said of the divines in his "Praise of Folly":

> They will cut asunder the toughest argument with as much ease as Alexander did the Gordian knot; they will thunder out so many rattling terms as shall fright an adversary into conviction. They are exquisitely dexterous in unfolding the most intricate mysteries; they will tell you to a tittle all the successive proceedings of omnipotence in the creation of the universe; they will explain the precise manner of original sin being derived from our first parents. . . . Nay, these are accounted trivial, easy questions; they have yet far greater difficulties behind, which notwithstanding they solve with as much expedition as the former. . . . To reconcile these intricacies to an appearance of reason requires three-score years experience in metaphysics.
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> . . . St. Paul, who in other's judgment is no less the chief of the apostles, than he was in his own the chief of sinners, who being bred at the feet of Gamaliel, was certainly more eminently a scholar than any of the rest, yet he often disclaims against vain philosophy, warns us from doting about questions and strifes of words, and charges us to avoid profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called. . . . But yet however our scholastic divines are so modest that if they meet with any passage in St. Paul. . . . which is not so well modelled, or critically disposed of, as they

could wish, they will not roughly condemn it, but bend it rather to a favourable interpretation, out of reverence to antiquity, and respect to the holy scriptures; though indeed it were unreasonable to expect anything of this nature from the apostles, whose lord and master had given unto them to know the mysteries of God, but not those of philosophy. . . .

And these, mind you, are not back-woods seminarians from among the Missouri synod Lutherans, or the Hard-Shell-Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists that we speak of; they are everyday men, college graduates for the most part, and all hoping sooner or later to own ten shares of Pennsylvania railroad stock.

The fact of the matter is, however, that our layman, when he inveighs against what seems to him to be the utter uselessness of three years spent amongst ancient languages and abstruse technical problems of lower and higher criticism, is forgetting the basis on which it all rests. For, consciously or unconsciously, it does have a definite belief behind it that justifies it completely—in its own eyes, at least.

We have been so much taken up the last fifty years with the quarrel between Modernists and Fundamentalists—so much concerned with their differences—that we have not taken the trouble to inquire just how far they are alike. It is here precisely, however, that the key to an understanding of theological education lies. We must realize once and for all that in practically all essential respects the Fundamentalist and the Modernist are in accord and present a common front to their common enemy, the Liberal.

The Fundamentalist, it is true, has found in his literal and plenary acceptance of the King James version of the Bible as the word of God a key to the duties of man and to his salvation, both here and hereafter.

But it is equally true that the Modernist, though he may not yet have found what he believes to be the word of God, is still searching for it in the scriptures, in the firm conviction that it can be found—that it is there—and that when it is found, it will serve as man's guide to his social as well as his personal salvation.

It is this conviction that the word of God is there and can be found that forms the justification of all the lower and higher criticism that is being done, and of all the flagrant disregard in theological seminaries of what the layman believes to be vital matters in this present world. The Modernist's kingdom is not of this world any more than the Fundamentalist's is: their difference is entirely one of degree, never one of kind. The Fundamentalist may believe that he has the word of God and the Modernist may believe that he does not yet have it, but both are agreed that it is there to be had by him who will have it.

It is to both of these that the genuine Liberal—this is not to be construed as either praise or blame—stands opposed. To him the word of God is to be had only in the working out of history, and not in the pages of a two thousand year old book and in the sayings of Jesus. If what Jesus said is true it is so not because Jesus said it, but because the words themselves have proved to be true.

Here a distinction might easily be made between two groups who go under the same name: the Christian Socialists. The *Christian* Socialist is one who sees in the teachings of Jesus, *ipso facto,* the salvation for society, and proceeds to try to put them into practice; he regards them as in truth divine. The Christian *Socialist,* on the other hand, sees in these teachings the best expression of that which has proved its worth and necessity; he regards them as the words of a great prophet. To the former, the Golden Rule is a command from God; to the latter it sums up the experience of man. A Father Bull will act on it because of its author; a John Haynes Holmes will act on it because of its reasonableness. The former will say that if it were not so, He would have told us so; the latter will hold that Jesus saw things as other men see them, only much more clearly.

This same distinction is the one that divides the theologian from the critical layman, and theological education from the world of today. Current thinking is dominantly rational, whether we like it or not. It tends distinctly to look at things scientifically and to propose remedies accordingly. On the other hand, theological education is following another tradition entirely, for it is looking at things *sub specia aeternitatis* —with the conviction that our troubles lie either in our having wandered from the appointed path or in our not having found it yet. It may have given up the story of Adam and Eve's being driven from the Garden of Eden, but the conviction still lingers that if we only knew the teaching of God and followed it all would be well. And that conviction is based on the implicit assumption that the teaching of God is somewhere to be found, or has been found—according as one is a Modernist or a Fundamentalist.

The theological student for the most part is being firmly trained in a tradition that accepts this. If he himself cannot believe it, he must inevitably look on the niceties of New Testament criticism as being comparable to establishing the true text of any other disputed work—such as "The Pilgrim's Progress" or the works of Virgil and Shakespeare. But he is being subjected to it none the less.

This is not to say that theological education should conform itself to this present world, for we are not here trying to establish which one is "right" and "true." It is merely to say that traditional theological education does not conform to this world, and, from the world's standpoint, does not seriously try to.

As Spengler has so clearly called to our attention, "fact and truth are opposed" here. Fact is represented by the layman who criticises; truth by the theologian. Fact will never be conquered by truth, nor will truth be convinced by fact. Either may be supplanted by the other, but neither can be overcome by the logic of the other. Truth, in the Spenglerian sense, stands once and for all firmly fixed in the convictions of the believer. Fact expresses itself in the economic and social world and in the man of action. But the two can never meet; they are set apart by a tremendous rift that marks them clearly as being two distinct fields, with two distinct traditions, two distinct habits of thought, and two distinct sets of presuppositions. "If in the world of truths it is *proof* that decides all, in that of facts it is *success.*"

For the man of the world to criticize theological education and to urge that it be modernized is utterly useless. For the theologian to appeal to the world on the grounds of his tradition and to try to convince it logically from his premises is likewise utterly useless. What success either has or will have will necessarily depend on circumstances utterly beyond the pale of reason and logic.

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The "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of War

I have read Remarque's extraordinary book, "All Quiet on the Western Front." It was with struggle that I read to the end, for the story is harrowing and horrible to an unbearable degree. No one who does read it can ever forget it. The literary power of the book is almost incredible as the work of a young soldier but newly trained, or accustomed to literary art. Other stories of the War compared with this are unimportant. It will prove to be the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of war; and I predict that its influence will be as wide and as revolutionary as that of the great story of slavery. All men and women must read it, all fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers; for the terrible question and imperative of the time forbid any to leave it unread. A million copies, we learn, have already been sold in Germany, and almost as many more in France, England, and America together. It is devoutly to be hoped that a million will be sold in America alone before Christmas, and after Christmas a million more; for its message is more penetrating than that of politicians or pulpits or mass meetings or Associated Press dispatches. Those speak of war's wickedness and waste, its insanity, inhumanity and futility, its cause and consequence and cure. This tells us of war as it is fought and endured, as the fact which the million Johns, Tommies, Gastons and Gottfrieds experienced and were. If war had any glamor left after 1918, it is now gone. Emerson said that war belonged to the juvenile stage of man's development and does not fit maturity. The youthful mind is stirred by war's adventure, daring and sacrifice, the drum and trumpet and flag and shoulder-strap. When war lost its color and became khaki and machinery, a long step was taken to compel its fighting by conscripts instead of volunteers; and this book has dealt the final blow. "Now it can be told," Philip Gibbs wrote. Remarque has told it; and nothing is left in which any high-minded or true-hearted youth can longer wish to share.

The cardinal and distinctive power of the story is in its persevering and remorseless detail. The photographic exactness, the iron tenacity of remembrance, the unflagging capacity to perceive horror when the brain was long drunk with horror, the tireless ability and will forever to rally to the execrable, the tenderness and sympathy and manliness which, along with the noble revulsion and impeachment, pervades the damnable,—the steady persistence of this through the three hundred pages is tremendous.

It is not mere observation and reporting; reflection runs everywhere through perception. This passage, from the account of the period in hospital, is typical of a hundred such:

> A man cannot realize that above such shattered bodies there are still human faces in which life goes its daily round. And this is only one hospital, one single station; there are hundreds of thousands in Germany, hundreds of thousands in France, hundreds of thousands in Russia. How senseless is everything that can ever be written, done or thought when such things are possible. It must all be lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out, these torture-chambers in their hundreds of thousands. A hospital alone shows what war is. I am young, I am twenty years old; yet I know nothing of life but despair, death, fear, and fatuous superficiality cast over an abyss of sorrow. I see how peoples are set against one another and in silence unknowingly, foolishly, obediently, innocently slay one another. I see that the keenest brains of the world invent weapons and words to make it yet more refined and enduring, and all men of my age, here and over there, throughout the whole world see these things; all my generation is experiencing these things with me. What would our fathers do if we suddenly stood up and come before them and proffered our account?

The writer is thinker as well as soldier and sufferer; and his thinking goes straight to the mark. He knows that he and his fellows, with whatever mingling of patriotic inspiration, of loyalty and confidence in their cause, are slaves, cogs in a merciless machine moved from without them, serving ends which at best they but half will and half understand, fighting the battles of privileged managers higher up who sit in comfort while they crawl in mud and blood, battles with men as righteous and human as themselves, against whom they have no ill-will whatever; and there wells up and grows in them the mighty resolve that these things shall not be.

It is the argument *ad hominem;* and this was what was waited for, as slavery waited for "Uncle Tom." The Missouri Compromise, the Kansas-Nebraska bill, Garrison and Phillips and the rest had had their say; but the slave himself had not found a voice. He found it in "Uncle Tom"; and when truly saw and felt that the slave was a man, then slavery was doomed, and Lincoln with the Emancipation Proclamation was on the horizon.

There had been a century and a half of barrage against war, much of it American argument. Franklin and Jefferson showed as clearly as Mellon and Lloyd-George that war is the great robber, eating up men's substance and saddling poverty firmly on the majority. Sumner and Ladd showed as clearly as Edward Everett Hale and Woodrow Wilson that in order to find peace the nations must be federated, with World Congress and World Court, as our discordant states had been united in this federal republic. Dodge had founded his New York Peace Society, the first peace society in the world, because he held, "war was inconsistent with the religion of Jesus Christ"; and Channing and Worcester and the poets had spoken their great Amen. The three thousand miles between the United States and Canada without a gunboat or a gun had shown the world that the safest frontier in the world is this unguarded frontier, and that when nations act like gentlemen and throw away the guns in their pockets, they too will be safe. Jordan and Nicolai had demonstrated that war, instead of illustrating biological law, is the capital recreancy to it, and a fatal check to its operation; it selects youth and the fittest for destruction and leaves weaklings to propagate the race. Norman Angell had shown irrefutably, and the outcome of the World War irrefutably clinched it, that in the modern interdependent world war can no longer profit any nation, but vanquished and victor must suffer alike. Every excuse and argument of the warrior had been met, and war had no case left. Briand and Kellogg marshalled the nations, and all conceded it and pledged themselves to renounce war and settle all international disputes by peaceful means.

Yet the devil of distrust and doubt persisted. Men would not respect their pledges, they would not conform to their intelligence nor obey their reason, because deep down below honor and intelligence and reason is elemental human nature, and man at the center is a fighting animal, and will therefore war, and elect

to war, with intermissions, forever. It is the greatest lie, the wickedest lie, the most devastating and dangerous lie in history; and the supreme virtue and service of Remarque's epoch-making book is that it proves it. These struggling, fighting, murdering millions of our brother men did not love their job, but loathed it, and shuddered at the situation in which they were made actors. The deluge of blood that flowed watered in every undepraved heart among them the flowers of a new and deeper mercy and human fellowship. The lesson of the bursting bomb and the trench of corpses for them was, as it should be for every one of us, that this acme of man's inhumanity to man must cease, because it is not a befitting business for man; it is unworthy of man's nature, because man's nature at the center is not devilish but divine, even more divine as its evolution proceeds; and the precise vocation of political and social organization is to recognize the central principle and its true trend, and make it regnant.

It is an eloquent fact, to some it will seem ironical, that this "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of war comes out of Germany. To our English world in 1914 it was Germany that brought on the war; she was the "one guilty nation." No one who thinks or knows holds that today. The triumvirate of responsible English leaders in 1914, Asquith, Grey, Lloyd-George, reflected the general justice and intelligence in their final frank conclusion that neither Germany or any other Government really wanted war, but that all, in Lloyd-George's mournful words, "staggered and stumbled" into it together. It was a tragic blunder; but whosesoever's the blunder or the sin, they were those of cabinets and field marshals, not of the common man. Yet it was the common man, ten millions of him, who paid the price with his life. Whoever caused the war, the common man fought it, and all the glory that there was is his. The captains, Foch, Haig, Pershing, Ludendorf, are hastening to forgetfulness; but the millions of common men who did the fighting and the dying will not be forgotten. Their faithfulness, fortitude and sacrifice will live in memory ever greener and more sacred, and will live the more surely, more eloquently and more commandingly because one of themselves, not the premier nor the general, has truly told their story. The greatest drama of the war, "Journey's End," paints the same picture and teaches the same lesson as "The Western Front" and is like it the story of the common man.

History is the record of the long martyrdom of the common man by despotism, priestcraft, privilege, robbery, and war. The enslaved ancient lowly were succeeded by the slaughtered modern lowly. Christ's religion meant the church of the common man, Andrew, Peter, James and John. Jefferson's democracy meant liberty and justice for the common man, in accordance with "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God." Despite the inheritances and establishments, despite all defects, perversions and delays, they are irresistible; and they will banish war from the earth. The common man has gone where he was sent, and jailed and shot if he did not go. He is now reaching the point where he will go only where he sends himself; and he will no longer, save in aberrations of folly, send himself to the shambles. That is not the dictate of his up-to-date human nature. He revolts at war because he is becoming truly free; and freedom is war's doom.

It was the greatest of German thinkers, Immanuel Kant, who just as this American republic, which he hailed with such high hopes, was born, proclaimed in his "Eternal Peace" the philosophy which, and which alone, can conquer the great enemy and establish a warless world. Peace and freedom go together. War is rooted in tyranny, privilege and selfish ambition somewhere. It is fast ceasing to benefit any class; and it never benefited the common man nor, save as revolt against insufferable tyranny, the nation of men. It does not compart with democracy; and for democracy, for the true welfare of the common man, the world must now be safe and be organized. Democracy alone commands the future. All depotisms of Bolshevism or Fascism are pathological phenomena, part of the aftermath of war, anachronisms which must pass. In democracy alone, educated, disciplined, and devout democracy, lies hope today. The Germany of Kant, the Germany of this young soldier, purged in the valley of humiliation of the imperialism and militarism foreign to its true national character, is struggling on the sane and hopeful way.

This story of the "Western Front" has shocked the world into consciousness of the terrible price and danger of delay. Through the window of divine surprise, the perennial and sure surprise, the sun is at last breaking strong and clear, illumining Geneva and The Hague and all the aspiring world.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Two Indian Sketches

I—Rose or Rosary

The day had ended. Worn-out and wan-looking I plodded my way homeward from the field. And at last when I reached my destination the stars had already appeared in the sky.

I took off my apprentice's apron and put on the dress of a devotee,—viz. serenity of mind, beauty of body and sweetness of spirit. And I entered the sanctuary of prayer. In a corner lay my rosary. I picked it up and began to tell the beads. Soon afterwards I was in a hypnotic state. I felt I had dived deep down into the sea, but when I came out again I found my hands were empty. I had searched for the pearl in vain!

Then the door of the shrine was flung open. I trembled at this intrusion, but hardly had I time to collect and calm myself, when he who had come in snatched away my rosary and threw it into the dust. I was stunned with pain. I was seized with the embarrassment of anger.

The moon rose. The night drew up its petition for light in the language of the dew-drop. The morning-bird burst into a song. I got up from my prayer-carpet to put on again the workman's overall. And lo! there at the doorstep was a rose. (Had he dropped it behind when he departed overnight?) I placed it next to my heart and ever since it has been there. In the silence of the dawn and in the pattering of the rain, in spring and in autumn, the rose continues to bloom and to whisper into my ears:

Grow like me in silence and in storm.

II—"I, the Buddha"

One night I lay in the lap of luxury and shut in in the prison-house of pleasure. I thought myself to be the monarch of all the worlds—as there was none to whom I owed any allegiance in that hour of self-sufficiency. All of a sudden I heard a cry of pain which appeared to emanate from my neighbor's house. It rent my heart into a thousand and one pieces. I rose from my soft couch of slothful ease, opened the adjoining door and went in. I found my friend in the grip of a galloping disease. It had wasted his frame to the shrunken size of a skeleton. His face was stamped with deathlike pallor. I sat by his side and placed my hands on his burning brow but he did not seem to recognize me. His intense suffering brought me out of my shell, breaking down all barriers of separateness which had been set up by my pleasure-loving self. Through the window of his pain I saw my higher self in all its dazzling glory. My muddled intellect became as clear as the cloudless sky, my body was transformed into a miniature torch-light, and my soul began to sing with the joyousness of spring. It was indeed a blessed moment. And from within the depths of my being, some one said to me, "I am the Buddha to be."

GURDIAL MALLIK.

Karachi, India.

The Study Table

Winston Churchill, Historian

Many readers will disagree, we wish that *all* readers would disagree, with certain of Winston Churchill's judgments and opinions in this concluding volume* of his history of the Great War and after. His scathing criticism of Woodrow Wilson at the Peace Conference seems prejudiced, to say the least. His savage, almost mad, attitude toward the Bolsheviki seems to us to reach the low-water mark of world statesmanship in our time. His own unquestioned efficiency as a war-time executive betrays him into a belief in strong-arm methods of doing business which, if he were not an Englishman, he would call "despotism," and be done with it. But in reading this volume, as in reading its four predecessors in the "World Crisis" series, we are dealing not with Churchill the statesman, but with Churchill the historian. And here, in this latter capacity, he is incomparable.

In all the vast literature produced by the Great War, there are no books as wonderful as these. In all the historical literature of modern times, the English-speaking world has seen no work so great as this since Macauley's "England," perhaps since Gibbon's "Rome." We have witnessed, ladies and gentlemen, the production of an immortal history. For this work by Churchill will be read, we believe, as long as the Great War is remembered. It is invaluable, first, for Churchill's inside report of those parts of the conflict which he saw or touched as one of the leading figures in its direction upon the English front. But it is mainly precious for its literary qualities. Such writing as this comes along only once or twice in a century. There is an epic quality about these pages that lifts and stirs the soul. Churchill does not merely describe events, though he does this admirably, as witness his unforgettable description in this volume of the cessation of hostilities at 11 o'clock on Armistice Day (November 11, 1918). But in and through events Churchill feels the pulse of the vast forces which determine the destiny of men and nations. His pages, therefore, are not so much a record as a drama. The reader feels himself caught as in a flood which bears him on in mingled terror and excitement. This is the War itself—and more than the War, for Churchill has a vision and a grasp which enable him to relate his time to all time, and thus unveil the future as well as depict the past. For brilliancy of workmanship, for sheer adequacy of mind and pen to match even such cosmic events as these which transpired in 1914-1918, for the power and exaltation which make great literature, these books by Winston Churchill stand today, as perhaps they will always stand, as the greatest story of the World War.

It may be surmised that Churchill began his work simply with the idea of explaining and therefore justifying his record as a statesman in the War—as in the Gallipoli episode, for example! If so, his original modest purpose became absorbed in the vastness of his encompassing theme, and we have as the result a complete and full-rounded account of the War itself. His own part and place are never forgotten, and rightly so, for he was usually at the heart of events. But whereas, in the first two volumes, his own experiences and opinions bulked large upon the scene, here in this concluding volume his personality seems almost to disappear. It is the War and mankind that now concern him. He comes to the threshold at least of seeing the Great War as Thomas Hardy in "The Dynasts" saw the Napoleonic Wars, as a succession of combats fought by pygmies in the grasp of unheeding cosmic powers.

"The Aftermath," the fifth and last of the "World Crisis" series, begins with Armistice Day in 1918, and follows through the chief events of the next ten years. The story of Versailles, not told in great detail, is chiefly interesting at this late day, especially to Americans, for its terrific onslaught on President Wilson as interpreted by Ray Stannard Baker. Churchill's account of Bolshevik Russia has a thrill about it, if only because of the passionate, if mistaken, conviction with which it is written. His characterization of Lenin, one-sided as it is, surpasses anything we have read since Carlyle's characterizations in his "French Revolution." As for the "white" wars against Russia, no one has shown the tragedy of them as Churchill has in these pages, nor their utter futility and waste. The best chapter in this book, in our judgment, is the story of the Irish settlement, where Churchill the man, as well as Churchill the writer, appears at his best. As for the tale of Turkey, Greece and Asia Minor, it impresses us as historical narrative of truly classic proportions.

The last chapter, summary and forecast, has an interest all its own. "The story of the human race,"

*"The Aftermath," by Hon. Winston Churchill. Published by Scribner's. $5.00.

says Churchill, "is war." He therefore believes that nations must wield power, and that "impotence of will and hand" is criminal. Of course, he conceives of power only in terms of physical force—the sword and not the spirit. Yet he believes that the prevention of another war must be "the main preoccupation of mankind" today. And he hails the League of Nations and the Briand-Kellogg Treaty as the beginnings of "the more spacious and more unified structures of the future." If this man can hope, why should we not all hope?

It gives one a solemn feeling to close this book, and look back over the narrative which it thus brings to an end. Seldom do we have the assurance that we are reading literature destined to endure. We have had it in the reading of all of these five volumes. Churchill the historian will be remembered when Churchill the statesman is not unwillingly forgotten.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Symposium on Pacifism

Devere Allen is the Editor of the *World Tomorrow*. This book* is a symposium to which nineteen people contribute, besides the editor, who writes two of the essays and an introduction. Naturally while all the authors are pacifists they differ in methods of approach and in emphasis. If one may bring out his negative criticism first he would say that there are too many essays. To read them all at once, or even in a comparatively short time is like eating too many chocolates at one sitting. One becomes a bit cloyed, and feels like William James after a somewhat extended visit to Chautauqua, he wants to go out and read enlistment posters. There are perhaps too many in another sense, that while the change of emphasis is there, one feels that some of the methods of approach are used a good many times.

Having said that much let me hasten to say how splendid it is to hear these able men set forth the ideals of pacifism with no uncertain or wavering voice, and to show by reiterated argument and fact the whole wretched fallacy of the war arguments, and the war results. The reader feels in every essay that a real mind is handling the problem discussed, that there is a splendid realism here, and that the writers are not carried away with a sentimental idealism. Nor is there much left of the absolutist stand merely for conscience sake, or for the sake of testimony. One believes that the writers would not hesitate to take any stand their conscientious reason bade them take, but their denials would not be merely as abstract testimony. One of the points emphasized in several of the essays is that pacifism is not passivism, it involves, to keep its savor and sanity, an active campaign all the time to bring about a regime in which non-violence can have a chance to work its beneficent results. Nor is this non-violence to be merely for international affairs; it is argued for in all relations of life. Mr. Holmes says that non-violence is already the accepted method in most of the activities of normal men and women. Mr. Muste on the other hand maintains that "in a world built on violence, one must be a revolutionary before one can be a pacifist; in such a world a non-revolutionary pacifist is a contradiction in terms, a monstrosity." The new view in psychology is applied to pacifism by Goodwin Watson who says that "pacifism will grow in so far as those who foster it are social engineers, able to build above the wish, the deed." Tagore is good when he says:

> I ask you once again, let us, the dreamers of the East and the West, keep our faith firm in Life that creates and not in the Machine that constructs, in the power that hides its force and blossoms in beauty, and not in the power that bares its arms and chuckles at its capacity to make itself obnoxious. Let us know that the Machine is good when it helps, not so when it exploits life; that science is great when it destroys evil, but not when the twain enter into unholy alliance.

The one woman contributor, Sarah N. Cleghorn, writes with fine effect on Planting Peace among the Children. After listing five practical suggestions for teaching she goes on to write of what manner of man one is who radiates the spirit of peace. No single quotation can give the essence of this remarkable essay. It needs to be read entire. It confirms one in his ultimate feeling that the deeper secret of life lies in that haunting something that Paul writes of in his love-chapter, and which Miss Cleghorn is describing in this beautiful and convincing essay.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

*Pacifism in the Modern World," edited by Devere Allen. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc.

Correspondence

Upton Sinclair, President Hoover and Unity

Editor of UNITY:

Your trenchant reply to Upton Sinclair in the November 25 issue of UNITY is splendidly salutary and very necessary. The common assumption by men of Mr. Sinclair's attitude, that the primary function of the President of the United States is to push certain doctrines which they like, is a mischievous fallacy. The president of the United States is not like the president of France nor the prime minister of France; nor is he like the king or prime minister of England. He is in both cases a combination of the two. The founders of our Republic meant to have it so; and although I have had periods of inclination to the other system, I have in my maturer life steadily gravitated to the conviction that the fathers were right. The President of the United States has not the right which you and I have to be in his place a doctrinaire. Every one of us who has brains and conscience is bound to be a doctrinaire in some department of life; but there are better and more effective ways generally for pushing our particular doctrines than with reference to the presidency. We can do it as agitators and publicists, and we can do it by combining with others to get certain men into Congress to effect legislation. There come certain great and critical exigencies, as in 1860, when a commanding cause is so definite and affects the national life and order so vitally that every political action must be determined by it; but that is not the regular or usual situation. It is by parties that in our western world we chiefly determine our officials and their general purposes; and a president is bound roughly to reflect his party. But when he becomes President, he is chiefly not a party leader, but the president of the whole people; and his engrossing and most responsible work is the administration of this big concern. I wonder if Mr. Sinclair realizes what a big concern the United States of America is, what its ramified business and responsibilities are, and what a little way the doctrinairism of any of us can go in this fundamental concern. Legislation itself can be grossly magnified or exaggerated in the public mind as an agency of progress and moral reform. The actual ultimate power of government in a democracy is public opinion, as can easily be illustrated by references to the history of the last twenty years; and to the creation of that really commanding public opinion goes very much besides legislation and party maneuvers,—the press, the pulpit, the platform, the direction of commerce and industry.

It is generally true that to every time and nation comes some great cause. That cause in Lincoln's time was the war

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE POST-WARRIOR

"The men who fought know the real meaning and dreadfulness of war. No man came from that furnace a swash-buckling militarist." — From President Hoover's Armistice Day Address.

The Reverend Herbert S. Johnson, who is not unknown in Portland, made the front pages of the Boston newspapers again on Armistice Day for his "bitter attack" on various peace-loving persons and associates, including, the Boston *Herald* tells us, in his criticism, "President Hoover for his forgetfulness of American dead in the World War in his Armistice Day proclamation."

Although an ordained Baptist minister, his brothers of the cloth seem to be his especial targets. The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, and such eminent churchmen as Bishop Francis J. McConnell of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman of the Congregational Church, and others equally distinguished, meet with the denunciations of this peppery parson.

The Reverend Johnson made his appearance at the American Legion exercises in the Massachusetts State House where he delivered this attack in the uniform of a major of the infantry reserve.

The Reverend Johnson likes to appear in public in his infantry reserve uniform. He likes to call public attention to his military service. He likes to make it known that he "was overseas."

When he appeared in City Hall, Portland, a little less than two years ago, he said, according to a stenographic record taken at the time:

"I am something of a pacifist myself! I am so good a pacifist that I left my pulpit during the World War and went overseas. And I hold a commission as Major in the reserve infantry."

It sounded good. Sounded like the glorious record of one of the all-fightingest he-men that ever faced death for his country's cause at the zero hour.

And the facts as stated by the Reverend Major, taken separately, are not incorrect. Taken separately and individually, they appear to be the truth —but are they quite the whole truth?

The Rev. Herbert Spencer Johnson's biography in "Who's Who in America" gives his record during the World War and in the subsequent years as follows:

"Special field representative, Baptist Five Year Program, 1915-16.

"Speaker on Laymen's missionary movement programs throughout the country, 1917-18.

"Joined American Red Cross, September, 16, 1918.

"Became first commander to Czecho-Slovakia, April, 1919, with military rank of Major.

"Commissioned Major, U.S.A., Jan. 11, 1922.

"Army War College, 1923.

"Infantry School, U.S.A., Fort Benning, 1924."

The facts—when expanded—appear to be that this fighting he-man joined the American Red Cross on September 16, 1918. A worthy organization, the Red Cross, and eminently a proper one for a clergyman to be associated with—even as late as eight weeks before the armistice! Still, not precisely the organization one hears about when the fire-eating major tells of his record in public, or that is expected from one who parades in the uniform of an infantry reserve major.

Sometime in 1919, when the boys were on their way home, or already there, the Reverend Johnson got overseas to Czecho-Slovakia, which as students of history and geography know, was not precisely in the heart of the trench country.

In 1922 he was commissioned a major in the United States army—a major of military intelligence. This, it would seem, was some four years after the Great War ended.

The next year, 1923, five years after the fighting was over, this valiant scrapper entered the Army War College and was sent to the Infantry School at Fort Benning. Sometime in that desperate period of 1923-24, that well-known time that tried men's souls, the doughty cleric and ex-Red Crosser achieved his commission as a major in the infantry reserve.

Just what military or patriotic service he rendered from the opening of the conflict in April, 1917, to September 16, 1918, when he joined the Red Cross, his autobiographical sketch in "Who's Who" fails to state. His post-war service however is extraordinary.

Still even that long post-war military training and education appears to be not wholly complete. In the course of it the Major apparently did not become acquainted with articles 62, 63 and 96 of the Articles of War. Under them he seems to have rendered himself liable for disrespect toward his superior officer, the Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. army, the President of the United States. The articles follow:

Article 62. Disrespect Towards the President, Vice President, Congress, Secretary of War, Governors, Legislatures.—Any officer who uses contemptuous or disrespectful words against the President, Vice President, the Congress of the United States, the Secretary of War, or the governor or legislature of any state, territory or other possession of the United States in which he is quartered shall be dismissed from the service or suffer such other punishment as a court-martial may direct. Any other person subject to military law who so offends may be punished as a court-martial may direct.

Article 63. Disrespect Toward a Superior Officer—Any person subject to military law who behaves himself with disrespect toward his superior officer

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against slavery. In our time it is the war against war; and the cardinal virtue of your statement is its recognition of this fact. Nothing else can be done well in the United States or anywhere else until this battle is fought to a finish and we establish a peaceful and orderly world. It is foolish and futile to think that we can get far in the solution of our economic problems or in the conquest of poverty until we remove the great cause of poverty and of the world's multiplied enmities and factions. For the war system, in addition to its incredible inhumanity and wickedness, is the great robber. Secretary Mellon has just told us that in the United States 82% of our total national taxation is soaked up by the payment of our debts for past wars and providing for possible wars. Lloyd George, in his great Albert Hall speech last spring, said that Great Britain is spending one million pounds a year for peace purposes and 114 million pounds in preparation for slaughter. What is the use of talking about progress and economic efficiency so long as we are under this mortgage? Let us unite our reform forces to get rid of this incubus, and then we shall have a basis for intelligent further procedure.

Mr. Sinclair's assumption that President Hoover is not in earnest in his peace work, but simply "political," that he was merely "polite" to Premier Macdonald, with no particular heart in the business, is trifling and gratuitous. Mr. Hoover's whole career should defend him against such reflections or suspicions. If Mr. Sinclair is in doubt as to his fundamental character, let him consult that other good Californian, David Starr Jordan, who has known him intimately from his youth up, and has recently said that his deeds are always better than his words. He is himself, moreover, going through a great process of education in the matter of world peace and order. Ramsay Macdonald is not a child, nor one easily taken in by "politeness" or play-acting; and the impression made upon him by President Hoover, in their long and frank conferences, was definite and profound.

The world altogether is being educated in this matter; and America has a chance to retrieve herself. Elihu Root has recently said that the League of Nations and the World Court had in this time been the greatest agencies for peace in the whole history of civilization; and by the Paris Pact which we ourselves sponsored, endorsed now by sixty nations, renouncing war as an instrument of policy and pledging the settlement of all international disputes by peaceful means, mankind is taking an immense forward step. It is for all of us to work together to clinch this action and to make it the dominant concern. It is undeniably of importance to determine wisely whether certain great business operations shall be conducted by the government or by private organization under proper government control, as it is also important to determine what government control shall be exercised by the states and what by the nation. But these are not issues of primary concern, compared with the urgent necessity of making this an orderly and cooperative world; and a thousand readers will thank you for the energy and clearness with which you have asserted this. M.

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—Portland (Me.) *Evening News.*

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